

PEACE
POEMS
AND
SAUSAGES

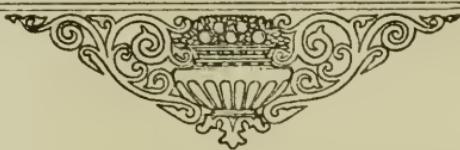


DAVID V. BUSH

To My Mother

Without whose determined efforts,
unflagging zeal and inspiring ex-
ample, my “Pike’s Peak” of Life
could not have been attained.

PEACE POEMS — AND — SAUSAGES



By DAVID V. BUSH
Author of
“Pike’s Peak or Bust”

“I am in favor of world-wide peace,
Spread this idea and war will cease”

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“And they shall beat their swords
into plowshares, and their spears
into pruning hooks; nation shall
not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war any
more.”—Issaiah 2:6.

America's Prayer

God of our fathers who fought for
 aye
 And gave us freedom here;
 Make us so strong in faith of peace
 There'll be no war to fear.

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PREFACE

Because this is the golden time of all ages to create a world wide peace sentiment, the author wrote a few "Peace Poems," feeling he would like to do his mite in furthering the great Peace movement. The little edition created interest and comment such as the following: "We have both read them thru a number of times and think they are the best 'editorial' we have read on the war." Another referring to "The Profanity of War:" * * "It strikes me as written by a man who has been to hell and back again." Another: "They speak of a spirit that leads. Keep up the good work."

Actuated by the desire to serve mankind, no matter how small the service—(for the one-talent man is just as responsible for his efforts as the five)—and encouraged by such comment as above, I decided to add more Peace Poems and others with a few "Sausages" and send forth this volume to the public with the hope that International Peace will be a reality in this generation. If some one is helped to see the "light;" if a smile is smiled or a soul encouraged I shall feel that my efforts shall not have been in vain.

DAVID V. BUSH

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Belgium Has Covered Herself With Glory

Belgium has covered herself with glory !

But what about her men?

No badge or pin ; no battlefield gory
Can pay for such losses, when

Her young and brave are shot away ;
When harvest, horses, cows and hay
Are gone, and millions to be fed.

Say, what about her noble dead,

When you sing the song of glory ?

Belgium has covered herself with glory !

But what about her dead?

No brilliant, reporter's breezy story
Can pay for damage done by lead.

Her sons are dead, her children moan,
Her widows, wives and sisters groan !
Six million mouths now to be fed !

Say, what about her loyal dead

When you make the plea of glory ?

Belgium has covered herself with glory !

But what about her lost?

It's the same old foolish, dreadful story
The living pay the cost.

We bury the dead, our souls are fed
On sorrow, wormwood, gall and lead !
A Nation weeps—the curse of guns !

Say, what about her murdered sons

When you pass the cup of glory ?

The Hand Writing on The Wall

“Weighed in the balance and found wanting.” That was written long ago.

Again we see the same repeated ; our war lords are bound to go.

They have ruled the “common people,” but now those thrones shall fall,

For this European war is their hand writing on the wall.

Working men, business men, men of rank and file

Had thought on peace, had talked of peace, in fact peace was the style,

When all at once the monarchs quarrelled ; but now their thrones shall fall,

For this European war is their hand writing on the wall.

If we talk peace, that’s what we’ll have ; if war, that’s what we get.

The lords had talked of war and on war their minds were set.

They talked war while men talked peace, but now their thrones shall fall,

For this European war is their hand writing on the wall.

We'll not think war, we will think peace.

Peace, peace, is what we want,
And when the common man says peace, to
the war lords its avaunt.

So pack your duds and start to go, ye war
lords one and all,
For this European war is your hand writ-
ing on the wall.

We now are talking brotherhood, just that
and not the ax. ~~the~~

We are thru with you, we are thru with
war, with war and its dire tax.

So pack your trunk and say goodbye, ye
lords both great and small,
For this European war is your hand writ-
ing on the wall.

Hell's Turned Loose

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No advance yet gained.” But say,
The “digging in,” and the Krupp guns
Beat the world for killing sons
Of mothers who gave their life
That a child might see the light
Of day, and thus make Belgium a grave
For her noble sons—her noble brave.

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No advance yet gained.” But say,
“Hell's turned loose! Say saint and rabble,
With the war lords leading in the saddle.”

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No decisive battle won.” But say,
The soldiers slain and money spent
To satisfy a few ill-sent
Monarchs by “right Divine-”
Homes are wrecked and children pine
For fathers; sons and husbands slain—
Those loved who'll not return again.

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No decisive battle won.” But say,
“Hell's turned loose” cry saint and rabble,
“With the war lords leading in the saddle.”

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No victory that counts.” But say,
The slaughter, the stench of human blood,
The smell of smoke, the cries to God,
The fields a-famine, the carnage rank
As hell—the butcher’s tank
Of bodies burned, of carcasses stiff,
Of dismembered arms, of souls adrift,
Of broken legs, of shattered jaws,
Of mangled forms—God’s broken laws—
Of gun’s shrieking cracks, and cannon’s
roar

Which hiss: “The men will come no
more.”

The shrapnel screeching; fire and pillage;
All homes are gone in town and village.
Fathers dead, stinking on the line;
Sons butchered, bleeding on sands so fine;
Husbands shot, shelled, knocked to
pieces;

The Nations’ prosperity ceases.

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No victory that counts.” But say,
“Hell’s turned loose” cry saint and rabble,
“With the war lords leading in the saddle.”

“Heavy fighting all along the way;
No vantage point gained.” But say,
The devil dances, smirks and fiddles

While hell fights hell and war riddles
Man and beast, shop and farm, church and
school

And laughs at those who say, "Peace can
rule."

"Heavy fighting all along the way;
No vantage point gained,," But say,
"Hell's turned loose" cry saint and rabble,
"With the warlords leading in the saddle."

* * * *

Why not put Christ into the saddle?
The Christ who loves both saint and rabble,
The Christ who gave His life for man;
The Christ who'll teach us that we can
Love our enemy as well as friend,
Our neighbors as ourselves; and then
There'll be no cry of saint and rabble
That "hell's turned loose and rides the
saddle."

Burning The Dead

(“The bodies are burned promptly in special furnaces erected just outside of Brussels.”—News item of the great war.)

“BLUR ;SWITCH ;CLANG ;BANG !”

As we neared the huge human urn,
Thats how the furnace sang

As they threw the bodies to burn.

“BLUR ;SWITCH ; CLANG ; BANG !

Burn ; switch ; clang ; blur ; siz ; bodies
burn !”

’Tis one continuous jam,

As they fill this pitiless urn.

“Blur ; switch ; clang ; bang ;”

As we neared the huge human urn,
Thats how the furnace sang

As they throwed the bodies to burn.

If Not Burned They Stink

“Trains which we call cemetery trains, full of pilled up dead soldiers, continue to arrive from the front. They contain bundles of dead; that is, four bodies tied together to facilitate transportation. The bodies are burned promptly in special furnaces erected just outside of Brussels.” News item of the great war.

Stink! Stink! Stink ye noble braves,
 You’re going to be burned tonight;
 Ye fell in the fight; now feed burning
 staves;
 With no time for a funeral rite.

Stink, stink, stink, ye who were men,
 You’ve been shot and dead too long
 To have any care or thought but when
 Can we burn you—burn without song.

Stink, stink, stink ye bundles of dead;
 Too many to burn right away;
 We tie you in bundles (like lead)
 And throw you to burn as if hay.

Stink, stink, stink, ye that were sons;
 Stink on—four tied in a pack—
 You’ve been food for bullets, food for guns,
 You’ve gone where there’s no coming
 back

Save tied up in bundles like this.

Ye who were men and could think
Are but carion rot where hiss
The bullets and other men stink.

Stink, stink stink, ye brawny sons;
Stink, stink in bundles of four!
Stink, stink, stink ye noble ones,
Stink, stink—tis man's bloody gore.

That's your reward for being born,
Stink, stink, stink on till you burn!
Our souls aghast; our heart strings
torn
As we think of the field and the urn!

Stink, stink, stink that's what you are for;
(That's how the "war devils" feel;)
Die and stink; stink and burn; the sore
Of your death can never be heeled.

* * * *

When in peace will we learn to be?
No fighting or shelling or forts?
Why when we get wise, don't you see
And settle disputes in the courts.

Everybody Rooting For Uncle Sam

“Everybody rooting for Uncle Sam!”

He's worth the root and all of that,
So root on sons of Cain and Ham,
He's worth the root, you bet your hat.

Yes, everybody rooting for your Uncle,
He keeps his head, stays on the job,
He sues for peace and knows no rumple
That he cannot stop—our own Nabob.

Everybody rooting for Uncle Sam.

Root on and root while he keeps peace,
And then we'll see other nations can
Follow suit, and make wars cease.

So here's three cheers for Uncle Sam!

Three cheers for Sam and three for
peace!

The world “thru hell” sees he's the man
Who can lead the way and make wars
cease.

The Light

“Civilization has gone to smash ;
 And Christian nations all are dead ;
 The arts and trades are likewise gone”—
 The ruthless result of lead.

The race of man and his high pursuits
 Will plod on thru the night ;
 For friends of man and foes of Kings,
 Methinks I see a light !

But for a time our soul is shocked ;
 And man lost out — don’t fear —
 From all this blood and bullets thick,
 We’ll learn a lesson clear.

We’ll see the end of shot and shell,
 And fields with dreadful sight ;
 I see a solid race of men —
 Thru clouds there is a light.

The Light is this, O sons of God,
 Tho dark may be the night,
 The time will come when war will end,
 And man no more will fight.

It's dark just now—it always is
Before the break of dawn,
But light will come, and war will go,
The lords are now in pawn.

Civilization and all things good,
They are not gone to smash ;
Our eyes are blinded for the time,
And now see but the gash.

But soon the smoke will blow away
Though shattered and besmirched
We'll see another race come on—
A brotherhood emerge.

Dark is the way, as we see the way,
Just now my son of man ;
But light's the path, we see beyond.
God'll end what He began.

Soon will plowshares and pruning hooks
From swords and spears be made.
When this dark night with all its clouds
Shall from our vision fade.

And then the Light, lo what a Light—
To think all wars shall cease !
The light I see (tho dark the day)
Is brotherhood and peace.

The Dying Soldier

“Hell! It’s here! The smell of smoke,
 The cries of dying comrades near,
 The curse of suffering men—war’s joke—
 Soon I will close my eyes, dear.”

“This wound is like a firebrand.
 I catch my breath; my head will break;
 I dare not weep, for I’m a man
 Soon to die for my country’s sake.”

“We were told our country needed us.
 We thought ’twas true—came with a will;
 But now we see ’tis a Ruler’s fuss,
 And we, the soldiers, pay the bill.”

“What care the Lords of war today
 That I must die. This wound, dear!
 This pain, O God! How can it be
 That I must suffer, linger here?”

“Sweetheart, goodby. This stinging pain!
 I’m—I’m—for God’s sake—air!—air!
 Help!—air, I say! I beg again!
 For God’s sake, help—a-i-r—h-e-l-p!
 So there!”

Another son for his country's sake
Lies cold and mute ; lies stiff and black—
Another mother's heart must ache ;
A royal lover, will not come back.

O mothers, fathers, sisters, all
'Tis not your kindred's, soldier's fault
That you are weeping for their fall,
Is it not time that war shall halt?

“Away with war; let us have peace,”
That is the slogan for this age.
“And we'll not stop until wars cease,
So help us, God,” say man and sage.

It Sickens Us

We are sick of war and warring;

We are sick of guns and killing;

We are ready now to sue for peace;

We are sick of grills and grilling.

We are sick of scars and scarring;

We are sick of bombs and bombing;

We are ready now to sheath the sword;

We are sick of guns and gunning.

We are sick of raids and raiding;

We are sick of dashes and dashings.

We are ready now to call a halt;

We are sick of crash and crashings.

We are sick of fire and firing;

We are sick of shells and shelling;

We are ready now to have World Peace;

We are sick of hell and helling.

Little Belgium Don't You Cry

"To the American women nearly a million Belgian mothers have held out their young and asked: 'Won't you please help?' "—World's Work, January, 1915.

Our homes are gone, our cows are gone, our
horses and our men,
We are starving in brave Belgium, we are dying,
O please send,
Flour—just the cheap kind—flour, milk and
some corn meal.
Milk for babes whose lives are tender, meal and
milk—God will remember—
For mothers' milk is dried or drying, and our
babes are sick and crying;
Hearts are bleeding; Belgium pleading; babes
and mothers nearly dying.
Just a little of your bounty will relieve in town
and county,
God will remember you were tender with your
milk and sympathy.
Our homes were sacked, our treasures packed;
our men killed off like bees.
O America! America! Won't you kindly help
us, please?

We were working, never shirking, when the
Germans came our way;
We had money, milk and honey—then not beg-
gars; O, sirs, nay.
But unexpected shot and shell, all around our
country fell;
Our brave men killed off like cattle; we were in
the midst of hell.
We were beggars, aye sir, beggars, in the twink-
ling of an eye.
O America! America! Whom God has blessed
so well,
Send us bread, our men are dead; we have not a
thing to sell.

Will America, our America, listen to the or-
phans' plea?
Yes America, my America, will heed, mine own
country
To the pleadings and heart bleedings of poor
Belgium and her babes.
Yes, brave Belgium, though all helldom try to
starve and kill your babes,
We will share and we will care. We, America
and her sons
Whom God blesses, now confesses it's our duty
to your wee ones.
So God helping, there'll be less scalping when
your Uncle Sam steps in,

And he doth shower milk and flour from his overflowing bin.

So then take heart, we'll do our part, little Belgium on the strand!

For we love you and to woo you is the pride of Uncle Sam.

We are sending, ships are bending toward you and your native land,

And tomorrow you can borrow all you need from Uncle Sam.

When this night, this awful night, shall have passed long since away,

Then brave Belgium, our loved Belgium, shall see her ships in the bay,

And we'll be "pals," our boys and "gals," little Belgium, little brave;

And together we will weather, every mother and her babe.

So wipe your eye, and don't you cry, little Belgium by the sea;

Your babes shall live while we can give (we'll not give grudgingly).

You're not beggars or bootleggers, like some others we can name.

You're true blue. The likes of you, little Belgium, never came

To bless man, and never can, without our love and sympathy.

So Uncle Sam and his whole land, you can count on, yes sir-ree!

Our hats are off, there's not a scoff, to you, bravest of the brave,

In America, our America; and you helpless we will save.

Should America, our America, not be true and kind to you,

Then would God curse our sod and withdraw from us His dew.

But no danger, little stranger—we remember days gone by—

And we know that what we sow we shall reap, so don't you cry.

Uncle Sam, he is the man, and he's in love with the likes of you.

So wipe your eye and don't you cry, little Belgium, brave and true;

We too, do sigh when your babes cry—cry for milk and meal and bread.

We'll be there with every care, since your sons and men are dead.

So wipe your eye and don't you cry, little Belgium by the sea,

Your babes shall live while we can give bread, milk and sympathy.

The Profanity of War

(A German army annihilated—News item, December, 1914.)

Napoleon, when told that his futile attempt on Moscow had cost him a million soldiers, replied: "What care I for the lives of a million men?" That sentiment is prevalent, very prevalent—prevalent with a big P—among the "war devils" today.

"An entire army shot away!
Two thousand men or more met death!"
"Bah! What the devil care we," say
The heartless war lords, under breath.

"An entire army gone to hell!
But lead on more, and right away!
Forward march! Take aim! Shell!"
Say war lords, "and we'll slay and slay"

"Until the enemy bites the dust,
And cries and begs—for a truce they
yell—
Or God damn 'em we will thrust
Another bunch to be shot to hell!"

"Lead on the old guard, the grenadiers;
They've stood for targets many a time;
They've stood the brunt for many years,
But curse 'em, damn 'em; God says
they're mine!"

“And for me and for kings (yea my sons)
They must expect to fight, for aye,
For hell! It’s we who bought the guns,
So on to death, ye fools, today!”

“For isn’t it we, by ‘right divine,’
Who hold your life? You are our own,
Then Christ! go on and with your life sign
The deed which saves to us our throne.”

“So to hell with men and damn ’em too!
They’re only cattle—the common cur—
So on with death till the air is blue
With yells and curses. Profane? Yes,
sir!”

“For who can dabble with stinking slain,
Dead and stinking in pyres array,
Unless he hardens soul and brain
And rather curse than pray.”

“So on with the battle! Damn ’em! See!
Lead on another bunch, galore!
For hell, what the devil care we
If ten thousand armies rot from war!”

* * * *

When men hear Christ say: “Peace be
still,”
There’ll be no profanity or fear,
For who can kill, and who can fill
The air with cursing when Christ is
near.

Business Men Awake

On February 15 the Electric Steel Company of Philadelphia, Pa., refused to bid on a contract which would have netted that company \$450,000. The contract was for one million drop forge shells, wanted by the British government to use in warfare.

Attached to the blue prints returned to the commission by the company was a note which read:

"FOR HUMANITARIAN REASONS THIS COMPANY
FINDS ITSELF OBLIGED TO REFUSE TO CONSIDER
THE CONTRACT."

Charles E. Bryson, president and general manager of the company, said: "Our company refused to consider this contract because we don't think warring nations should be encouraged. As long as they are able to purchase supplies of this nature the war will continue."

If business men would say the word,
Not counting sage and bakers.
Just BUSINESS MEN, could sheath the
sword
And stop these war men-fakirs.
Just think of it, the business man!
Could put a stop to fighting!
No need of others in this land
To send the war lords kiting.

But let us add to business men
A few from trades and art.
And see how quick it all would end,
If MANKIND but did their part.
Awake ye men, ye busines men!
Awake "ye men of Athens!"
Awake ye men in town and glen
Awake and see what happens!
Yes business men can stop this rage!
Then do not wait for others,
And write it large on history's page.
Ye are mankind's real lovers.

The Bravery of Germans

“Heaps of dead Germans, victims of a series of relentless and bloody charges against the Allies’ trenches this morning, form the Kaiser’s birthday present. The soldiers repeatedly charged, but were repulsed in the vicinity of Rheims and Craonne. The fighting along the wooded heights west of Craonne was most furious. They’re desperate infantry charges followed, the Germans singing patriotic songs on account of the Kaiser’s birthday. He was 59 years old.”
—News item.

The Kaiser’s birthday—a present they’ll give—

That’s the way of the Germans so true!

“Three cheers for the day and long may he live.

And now for our present to you.”

“We’ll fight and we’ll kill, and seize vantage ground

And add to your kingdom some land—

That’ll be our great present; prepare! trumpets sound!

With our blood we will soak up the sand.”

“One repulse isn’t much! On again to the fray!

Twice beaten isn’t worth counting lost!

Again we march on—keep it up all the day—

With heaps of dead Germans the cost.”

“A present to you our ruler and lord!
March on to the bugler’s shrill call!
Another attack with powder and sword—
And heaps of dead Germans that fall.”

“Tis your birthday today ; we want to be true,
We know you will smile if we win ;
So blow, bugle, blow! march on! say adieu
For heaps of dead Germans ’s no sin”

“When a birthday rolls ’round for the Kaiser,
So fill up the ranks! Charge! the air blue!
With life no German’s a miser;
So we heap up dead Germans for you.”

“When night falls, defeated and tired!
Each German, a German clear through ;
We did all we could—under shell and in fire
To present a nice present to you.”

On your fifty-ninth birthday, O king,
Camped by heaps of the dead, so true!
We did all we could, a victory to bring—
We heaped up dead Germans for you.

War and Dueling---Mr. Muling

Whats the difference between war and
dueling?

You might ask pop or Mr. Muling.
And they would say, without delay
Not a thing dear, Mr. Muling.

Then why have no wars as we have no
dueling?

Is that not logical and sane?
So answer please—you're not at ease—
What say you, Mr. Muling?

If it's a disgrace—this curse of dueling—
No longer thought, it's quite the thing,
Then on its face, is war not a disgrace?
What say you, Mr. Muling?

Why not deal with war, as we deal with
dueling,

Call it part of a bygone age
And put a stop to such ancient rot,
And quit both war and dueling?

I see my friend you too would end
This foolish, hellish fighting.
Even you would dump, all in a lump
And send war lords a-kitting.

Sink To Death But Be Cool

“The other day, when the British dreadnaught Formidable went down in a storm, crushed like an eggshell by torpedoes or mines, her Captain Loxley, was on the bridge as she sank; and his last words were: ‘Steady men; it’s all right; keep cool; do not get in a panic; be British.’”—News item.

Steady ye men, it’s all right, the times say it’s so;
 Go down to your death like the braves;
 Steady men, it’s all right, be sure not to show
 Any emotion, as ye sink in the waves.

Keep cool, ye brave ones, you’re going to death;
 The times called a war—the worst of all crimes—
 Keep cool, ye brave ones, you’ll soon lose your
 breath,
 For it’s the fate of a man of our times.

Ye brave ones, do not ye get in a panic;
 It’s all right, there, steady ye men and keep
 cool;
 You’ll soon gasp for life, then like the Titanic
 You’ll be swallowed in the ocean’s great pool.

To enlist as a fighter and learn how to kill,
 Is the training your times taught men of all
 creeds,
 But rest ye in this, as ye sink stiff and still,
 The future will change the bravery of deeds.

’Twill not be the slayer; ’twill be the life giver
 And the race benefactors who’re braves,
 They’ll frown on all bullets and shelling that
 shiver
 And riddle, and call him the greatest who saves.

Down with The War Lords

“Another cruiser sunk today”
“Down with the bloody Rulers!” say
Men and women—the cry shall last—
“We’re through with such; their die is
cast,”
Because we read, lay upon lay,
“Another cruiser sunk today.”

“Another cruiser sunk today.”
She sailed o’er a mine in Chili’s bay.
When shock! shock! “What is that?
A bomb’s set off; the ship’s a-crack,
The work is done; the ship’s aleak—
No use to cry, no use to speak
Of saving lives or wiring home,
Two thousand men beneath the foam
Will sleep tonight in a watery grave,
Because man kills man, to pave
The future way with debt on debt
For posterity to pay, and yet
A second generation will still
Be bound by shackles of the bill
Of war, contracted through race fear,
And false conception of what is dear.

“Another cruiser sunk today.”
It’s just a tale of war, we say;
Another cruiser with all her men
To die; but that’s not all, for then
The groans and cries, the shrieks and
moans
Of wives and mothers; the ruined
homes,
Because another ship they say,
Was sunk, and all men lost, today.

“Another cruiser sunk today.”
When will this stop? O war, away!
Down with the rulers, one and all,
Who rule to fight; their men to call
“To arm!” for their own lust or hate
Or fame or glory, their names to make.

“Another cruiser sunk today.”
Down with the tyrant’s awful sway
Of power to wield for weal or woe
When once they say who is their foe!

“Another cruiser sunk today.”
“Down with the bloody Rulers!” say
Women and men—the cry shall last—
“We’re through with such; their die is
cast,”
Because we read lay upon lay,
“Another cruiser sunk today.”

The Belgian Bread Line

“Belgium is one long bread line of starving men women and children, clamoring for a single ration of bread and soup.”—Theo. Waters, secretary of The Christian Herald.

“Soup, Bread. O please sirs,” they said,
“Give back our husbands, sons—our dead,
And we’d not ask for soup and bread.”

In Brussels they begged for soup and bread,
“Give back our husbands, sons—our dead—
And we’d not ask for soup and bread.”

In Antwerp they cry for soup and bread.
Give back their husbands, sons—their dead—
And they’d not ask for soup or bread.

All Belgium moans for food, for bread,
“Graves everywhere; our sons are dead;
Give back our men and keep your bread.”

O God! God, who the Patriarchs led,
Let men know Christ who is not dead,
And they’d not cry for soup or bread.

“I Live For The King and Fatherland”

The war is on; the peace is gone;
We'll live in hell, while Monarchs' sell
 Soldiers for the fatherland.

So begin to sing, let bugles ring,
While soldiers die, and nations sigh
 For kings and their fatherland.

In trenches wet, we are beset
With cannon's shell and Sherman's hell
 So soldiers take your stand.
But what care I, if I must die?
That's what we say; kings have their way.
 The kings of your fatherland.

When I “cash in” that God sent king
Will yell and cry for more to die
 For him and his fatherland.

When we are dead, and vultures fed
On sons of men—but pshaw, what then?
 It's soldiers take your stand.

I go to fight and think it's right
For people sing, it is the thing
 To give my head, my heart, my hand.
The Kaiser at ease sips wine, eats cheese,
And sucks his pipe; sends me to fight
 For him and his fatherland.

And when I die and family sigh
What cares he for my family?

The Kaiser of my fatherland.

A soldiers dies; he's burned like flies;
Or rots and stinks, while the Kaiser thinks
We should fight for our fatherland.

I'm only one, a country's son,
Whose bred to be of the soldiery,

Ye soldiers take your stand.

So begin to sing, let bugles ring,
When shot to hell, your kids can yell
For all of the Kaiser of your land.

What cares he, for you or me?

We're only fools to keep his rules
(So soldiers take your stand)

To be shot to hell while demons yell
And he smirks by; while women cry
For you and your fatherland.

Peace Reformers

Each great reform must have its men,
Those who have mighty power;
No weakling ever led the ranks,
When hard the way and dark the hour.

We honor men and 'plaud them too
Who bear the thickest of the brunt,
The ones with souls and courage strong;
Aye strong enough to bear the blunt.

To those who brave the storm and stress
Of reforms no matter what,
The world owes all her song and praise,
But sometimes they are forgot.

Let us not cease to do our best,
No matter the price or cost
When duty calls or times demand,
Altho our cause is lost.

It may be lost in our short day,
But if the cause is right,
Long after we are mouldering dead,
The "blind shall have their sight."

Be not dismayed who lead the ranks,
If beaten ye are today,
If ye are cursed and oft misjudged,
Your cause shall win some day.

The End---International Courts

When this war is over—believe me my friend—

There'll be blood enough spilt for an age;
And so, heartsick and faint from blood and its
taint,

Make a new historical page.

That page will be—believe me my friend—

That peace is far better than war;
And affirming for peace, all wars will then cease,
And we'll settle disputes at the bar.

When this war is over—believe me my friend—

We'll have small need for navies and forts;
For bankrupt and heartsick—man's torn to the
quick—

We'll be glad to have treaties and courts.

When this war is over—believe me my friend—

Our minds on peace and its fruits
Will be established for aye, and no one will say
There is glory in soldiers and suits.

When this war is over—believe me my friend—

We've had so much horror and fright—
So much to disgust, we'll be glad to be just,
Love all nations and cut out the fight.

When this war is over—believe me my friend—

Let us go in for commerce and art;
Cease battlefields gory and war lies so hoary—
As for peace, we will all do our part.

WOMEN AND WAR

And Something Else

“Breed Before You Die”

The European governments are encouraging their soldiers to marry and “breed before they die.”

The war is on, we'll need more men,
So breed before you die.
Go to the front, enlist, but then,
Breed before you die.
When you are dead, we'll need more men,
So breed before you die.
The son you breed can breed and die, then
Breed before you die.

So populate the universe,
Ye men who breed and die,
So that your sons can fight and curse
And breed before they die.
You may not get another chance
To breed before you die,
So wade right in, shout, sing and dance
And breed before you die.

If an arm blown off and shot away,
You've bred before you die.
The Kaiser thinks that is your pay
For breeding before you die.

If you come back a mortal wreck,
He let you breed to die,
The Kaiser, he won't care a peck,
He let you breed to die.

We need more men; we need more men,
Breed before you die.

Go find a nice young girl and then
Breed before you die.

So you will have still more men made
To breed before they die,
If your young widow has a babe,
So breed before you die.

Go breed in cornfield, bed or maze,
Go breed before you die.

Leave your babe for her to raise,
To breed before you die.

When you are dead, dead as a cur,
(Breed before you die)

They'll say what childish fools you were
To breed and then to die.

It is great, this command to breed,
To breed before you die.

Your widow has a babe to feed
So breed before you die.

So when you're shot and rotting dead
Breed before you die,
Your wife and child can have it said
You bred before you died.

You'll never see your orphan son,
Who breeds before he dies.
The war goes on which you (?) begun
So breed, breed on like flies.
So when that son is rotten dead,
(He'll breed and then he'll die)
You can have the honor (?) said,
He too was bred to die.

And so the endless chain goes on,
To breed and then to die.
So your son's son and wife's young son,
Will breed and then they'll die.
Breed on, breed on, breed on like flies,
Breed before you die,
For Europe's soldiery dies,
Breed on like cats, and die.

Why Give Ye Birth To Men?

For what do women give birth to men?
Judging by war lords—expressly for them.
Napoleon told a woman to go and conceive!
France needed more men, so he really believed!
Judging by history that's what they believe—
Women are put here for them to conceive.

Taxes are raised to feed armies and guns;
Then a bugler is sent to call womens' sons
To die for “their country”—in moor or in fen—
That's the reason O women, ye give birth to men.
Judging by history that's what they believe,
Women are on earth—for them to conceive..

Why keep on giving birth to men?
If they are but cattle for rulers to send
As targets, to fight their useless battles?
Arise and remonstrate, until the dome rattles
And thunders and roars and men stop the scourge!
It's much in your power—then peace do ye urge.

War lords and rulers take great delight
In war's preparations, in carnage and fight.
But women should say “ah'nay” and stick to it,
And say to your boys “as for war, nothing to it.”
And then you will see if war lords believe,
That women are only born to conceive.

The Woment Pay The Price

"Already they are talking of polygamy in Europe to populate the waste countries." News Item.

We have spoken largely of mothers affected by the war. Think of the women upon whom war enforces unwilling motherhood. War makes many mothers. But under what circumstances? Is it by scientific breeding? Think of the babies recently born in the Balkan Peninsula, of mothers the victims of violence. Read the Report of the International Commission which inquired into the causes and conduct of the Balkan wars and see how wars make mothers. Of the present war we have yet a few reliable reports. But imagine millions of virile men away from the restraints of home, of family, of church, even of civil law, marching through villages and cities and towns, believing, many of them, that in war lawlessness is law, that opponents have few rights, that resistance justifies revenge, and do we need reports to tell us of the terrible results? Even in times of peace large numbers of soldiers in any country are a menace to womanhood. So much is this the case, that in India, for example, the military authorities have deemed it necessary at times to provide inspected army brothels, and grave English dispatches have included requisitions for women attractive and healthy. In war times there need be no such provision; the conquered villages and cities supply the demand. This is what war means to hundreds of thousands of women.—"Gospel of the Kingdom."

"Wars make many mothers," and many are the ways;
Not scientific breeding; it is too slow, it never pays
When war is on and coming, to try to breed the
race

Except for speed and numbers—trying to keep pace

With those both killed and mangled—their successors to breed.

If prospective, careful mothers are starving with aught to feed

Their babes and crying children, that matters not, “my lord,”

So long as babes keep coming to drill with gun and sword.

It matters not if babes and mothers are left behind in woe;

It matters not if trials and cares are lodged in their sore throes;

It matters not if men are killed—their sorrows gone forever—

And the women left behind to keep these homes together;

It matters not if women bend their back and spoil their form;

With work and tears, with pain and care, so long as sons are born

To live in filth and misery; in want and woeful care

“They’re only women born to breed”—this the war lords call their share.

Perchance the wife’s dear mate is killed or wounded unto death,

And she with four or twenty babes to keep and care for, yet

The state will pass a hellish law for man to have four wives

So she (altho her love is dead) can breed for the state more lives

So they can live a wee short while; be trained with gun and sword

And taught the awful ways of war—to die, to rot in war—

While she weeps on, works unto death and gives her sexual fate

To men who have unnumbered wives to repopulate the state.

This awful scourge makes many mothers and some are made in haste;

The men are killed and thinning out, more men must take their place.

So the nations see a law put forth for men to mate and breed,

Then leave their new won bride behind to nourish his base seed

Untill the babe comes into life and she the cares to bear,

While he lies rotten on a field or burning on a pyre.

Aye, many's the mother made by war and she has not her say;

The war demands more food for guns and she must but obey.

Sometimes the land is over run by soldiers along
the Rhine,
No men are there to watch the fate of the women
they left behind;
As men must breed no matter how, or where the
time or place,
The women are forced by the stronger hand to
populate the race!
Yes women of this land of ours and women of all
the world
Your part has ever been (no matter by love or
churl)
To see that men are born to fight; to feed the
war lords' lust,
Tho your hearts bleed and souls aghast, they say,
"ye mothers must."
But must you mothers of the race, continue thus
to do,
When after all, YOU pay the price; the suffer-
ing falls on you.
Why must you subjugate yourselves to insults
and to death
Because the war lords need more men to strangle
out of breath?
And when they're dead, you're called again to
the function of a beast
To populate the universe—why not now call for
peace?
So let your "party of world peace" move on
majestically
Uutil all wars are wiped from earth; from pole
and sea to sea.

Raise Babies To Kill

The Nations "cry, our Babies die,
Send milk to save us pain!"
But we ask in turn, "why save the child?"
Save, save them, to be slain.
"Why save the child from dying now
And cause distress and pain
To widows and "Little Mothers?"
Why save them to be slain!
Men today in battle gray
Cannot be replaced by daughter;
We need men to take their places;
So save the babes for slaughter!
Why tax each nerve—never swerve
To watch the babe in sun or rain?
Why! widows and little mothers
Just save them to be slain!
Rulers of men, now and then
Have troubles—so it's been willed—
They call for youths to volunteer;
So feed and keep them to be killed!
So watch the baby tenderly,
See that he has milk (or swill)
Most anything so he can grow,
Grow to manhood and to kill.

That's why we care, with the best fare,

For baby—our Dave or Will—

We give them birth and rear them up

For the army and to kill.

The babes we do our best to save,

Today grows up—our baby Bill—

Grows up to be the pride of home—

But the end is, but to kill.

So mothers give ye birth to babes

And in your agonizing pain

Do all you can to bring them up

To youth and manhood to be slain.

While fighting lords, with their vast
hordes,

Need more soldiers at their will;

Give birth to babes and care for them,

And see that they are raised to kill.

When we say, ye war lords nay,

Our babes are at our will;

We give them birth, we raise them up

To live! To live! and not to kill.

Then there will be, no misery,

On battle field or hill,

The war will cease, for we will say,

“We have no men to kill.”

The Christ Is Near

Two men fought till their strength was
gone;

Two men fought and when were done
Sore wounds to bind and racking pain,
And when they're well they'll fight again.
The cry went up "the Christ is near."
They heard not and said, He's not here."

Two brothers hated with a vim
Which soiled their souls, did such a sin;
When friends begged them to be at rest
They renewed it with a bitter zest.
The cry went up, "the Christ is near."
They heard not; hate said, "He is not
here."

Two men envied the other's fame;
They sought revenge—it never came—
But all the days of all their life
Was spent in bitter, wasted strife.
The cry went up, "the Christ is near."
They heard not; envy said, "not here."

The war lords thought on lust and war;
They thought and thought on lust galore
Until the earth is red with blood,
Mankind cries: "stop this human flood."
The cry goes up, the Christ is near."
Then look, O world, and see him here.

And then 'tis death to lust and war;
Then we'll have hate and lust no more,
At last man comes into his own
And ceases hate and war, for home.
So when we cry, "the Christ is near."
We'll know and see and feel him here.

Soul Language

A million souls on the way to heaven,
Cramming homeward thru the sky;
Here on earth they fought each other,
But are one when they come to die.

Here the nations fight and slaughter,
See the murdered soldiers lie!
Here they hate (this racial instinct)
But are one when they come to die.

Souls and spirits flying homeward,
Arm in arm to join on high,
Souls of men and soldiers singing—
All are one when they come to die.

Her Boy And War

Twenty years ago—seems but a day—

 My baby came to earth.

No heart it seemed was better blest

 When I gave my laddie birth.

Soon he could talk, O yes 'twas soon,

 Say "da-da" and "mama," too;

And then what romps and joys we had—

 Life's joys at best are few.

Soon could he walk—for mind you well—

 The time sped quickly past,

And first we knew our baby boy

 Had gone to school at last.

From school, our boy, our baby lad,

 Came romping into home

And told of all the fun and sport—

 Romp out, and I alone.

Alone! Ah yes, but he was here.

 I knew he would return;

Night would find him home again

 With all his lessons learned.

Swiftly the years—O those swift years—

 Sped by, he was a man;

I say a man—how proud he was—

 So swift the seasons ran.

Then like a flash the bugles called ;
 My son, my little boy
To serve his native land you see,
 Volunteered with childish joy.
I thought my heart would burst right
 there,
 When he all spick and span
Stood as a soldier in the ranks—
 My boy so soon a man.

He waved goodby—my son was gone!
 Should I not see him more?
He smiled to me then marched away,
 He had gone, my boy, to war !
The time—O what an anxious time—
 Sped on and letters came ;
But all the while there was a void
 I never could explain.

It seemed as though to death I went
 Each time a message came ;
My baby boy, my pride and joy,
 Was now my care and pain.
Then letters missed—no message came—
 I knew—God, could it be !—
I dared not think ; I only prayed
 And asked for light to see.

Then came a friend—there up the lane—
 With head bent low and sad ;
I saw at once the worst was nigh,
 “What news of John, my lad?”

My baby boy, my little lad,
The baby I love, my son!
I never dreamed I gave him life
To be killed by sword or gun!
We'll never meet again on earth!
But still I must be calm!
They burned him on a soldier's pyre
And that the end of John!
I offered up my life for him;
I nourished him with care;
I love as only a mother can;
The end—a furnace there!
I sit alone and wonder why
We can't our troubles mend
Without this cruel unholy war
That kills our sons, our men!
Why must we women give our sons
To fight for ruling men
Who could if they but wanted to
Adjust affairs by pen?
I pray my God to give me strength
To forgive and not to curse
The ones who tore my boy away,
And brought about the worst.
I pray for more than just for me;
I'll soon join my loved ones;
O God, let war soon pass away
So mothers can keep their sons.

When Will The Soldiers Strike?

There can be no war when men won't fight ;
When will the soldiers strike ?
If rulers fuss and disagree, and cannot see
the right,
And set they are on forcing men to see
that black is white ;
Why don't we let them fight it out ?
Let them go to it. bout for bout,
And fight and slay and curse and shout.
When will the soldiers strike ?

There can be no war when men won't fight ?
When will the soldiers strike ?
They have their homes and families which
is their soul's delight,
Their children there and home so sweet
and everything so bright ;
There's May to meet you with a coo,
And say "da-da" and "is dat oo?"
A wife to greet and fond adieu.
When will the soldiers strike ?

There can be no war when men won't fight ;
When will the soldiers strike ?
If rulers fuss and disagree, and cannot see
the right ;
And set they are on forcing men to see
that black is white.
Why don't we let THEM fight it out ?
Let them go to it, bout for bout,
And fight and slay and curse and shout.
When will the soldiers strike ?

To Canada

Celebrating the one hundred years of peace
between England and the United States.

In time of peace, prepare for peace,
Thus eliminate war;
If on peace we have a lease,
We need but courts and bar.

Our Uncle Sam in time of peace
And Canada so fair
Made peace the slogan (with what ease),
A hundred years so rare.

What we have done to keep the peace,
All nations too can do;
Now all the world can make war cease
As Uncle Sam and you.

O may the world then promenade
In such a life long lease!
Long may our sister Canada
And Uncle Sam have peace!

Departing Glory

"The glory of war is gone; the war has no defenders."—David Star Jordan.

Yes, war has no defenders,
The glory of war is gone;
Let's deal with one another
Without the war-knell's gong.

The bugle's screech and martial air,
Brass buttons and marching tread,
Epaulets and fancy braid—
Let's think of them as dead.

Brute force is cruel—it's hellish—
And so is soldiers' tread;
Likewise the camps and warship—
Let's think of these as dead.

The honor won by killing men
Is false—let that be said—
And emphasize man's service now,
And think of war as dead.

Life is worth far more than hate,
And "glory" that comes with lead
Is far too costly in these days—
Let's think of war as dead.

Yea, war has no defenders,
The "glory" of war is past,
This be our everlasting song,
While man and earth shall last.

Has Christianity Failed

You say Christianity has failed!
But friend, it has never been tried.
We have talked, and yea we have prayed,
But many's the time we have lied.
We have said we love, as God loves—
Our friends as well as our foes ;
But like the sinner of Christ's time
He could scath us too with his "woes."
We have claimed to be Christian and kind,
But in part, we have lived the truth ;
And only a part, O ye men,
And more like heathens, forsooth.
We say we are Christian, and then
We live without Christ ; He is veiled ;
So we fail in our acts and our deeds,
And then say it is Christ who has failed.
Why say Christianity has failed,
When it has never been tried ;
Why call the Master a failure,
When we've put His teachings aside ?
When the Christ is lived as he should,
His religion is Christ and not creeds,
We shall see no failure like war
To blot the record of deeds.

'Tis the lack of Christ which has failed,
And not Christ of Calvary's cross ;
'Tis the lack of Christian instruction
That records today our great loss.
O 'tis not the Christ who has failed,
Nay, brother, not Christ and His way,
'Tis the spirit of mortals instead
Which has held mankind in its sway.
When the Christ is lived thru and thru,
No war can our record disgrace,
For Christ is the one Prince of Peace,
He then will have the first place.
So let us not blame this loved One,
The Christ, our dear lover of man ;
But rather, O brother, blame someone
Who has mistaught this Lover of Man.

Benediction

O God of Heaven—of man and beast—
Teach me to see the Light,
And sound the knell from west to east
To have no war or fight.

O God, should I not do my share
In this great day of sword and hate
To bring about a world wide peace—
Then God forgive this sin so great

MY PLEDGE

I here desire to give my pleadge
To do my best for peace;
So help me, God, to do my part
To make all wars to cease.

My Daughter, My Little Maxine

My Daughter, My Little Maxine

There are days that are dark and gloomy ;
There are times when the sun is not seen ;
But there's one who can always inspire me,
And that's my daughter, Maxine.

Should I think life's work is a failure
And results are not what I ween,
There comes to my rescue a smiler,
And that's my daughter, Maxine.

Have things gone wrong and all twisted ;
Are times out of joint—not a beam
Of sunshine to light the dark roadway,
Then I hear my daughter, Maxine
Creep up to my chair—O the darling !—
And put her sweet face close to mine
And whisper, "just never mind, papa,
You're the best ; you're simply just fine."

If it's preacher, writer or father,
It's the same to my daughter so keen ;
No troubles, no sorrows, nor worries
Shake the faith of my daughter Maxine

Do friends misunderstand and then shun me ;
Are critics severe and show spleen ;
Do people misjudge and condemn me ;
It's all the same to Maxine.

She has faith and pride in her father ;
She has love and caresses, all seen ;
She has confidence strong as Gibraltar—
My daughter, my little Maxine.

Though all earth should endeavor to down me ;
Though all foes my character screen ;
I know there is one believes in me,
And that's my darling, Maxine.

Inspirational Poems

The Successful Man

The successful man is always kicked, he's kicked
all over town;

No matter what his "line" may be, they'll kick
him all around.

The man who wins is always kicked, they kick
him black and blue,

He's thumped with "mud" and rotten eggs, gets
number fourteen shoe.

Because he's always on the job and not lazy at
work;

Because he plods and plugs away, while other
men may shirk;

Because he puts more in his work and gets more
in return,

And stirs things up and gets things done, he's
kicked at every turn.

The men who set the world ahead, are kicked
all over town;

They lift us to a higher plane but get kicked all
around;

No matter, sir, what lives they save, no matter
what they give,

If they do more than other men, they're punc-
tured like a sieve.

If you're not kicked I wonder why ; do you use
the common dope ?

Do you play fair and do your best, or sulk or
grunt or mope ?

If you're not kicked you won't rise far, so man
get in the game

And let them kick you all around, kick hard
until they're lame.

You do your work and play your game, play
fair and hard all day ;

And let the townsmen wag their tongues ; the
gossips have their say,

And never mind their cutting ways ; never mind
their surly frown ;

You'll beat 'em all on the home stretch, though
they kick you all around.

There's No Such Thing As Failure

There's no such thing as failure

To him who fights when down;
For just as light comes after night,
Success will failure crown.

There's no such thing as failure

To those who mean to stand.
Each failure hard—he's turned the card
Success, and won the hand.

They only think it's failure,

And that's why they've not won;
It they'd think right; keep at the fight
Success would surely come.

There's no such thing as failure;

Repeat this every day—
I'm bound to win, thru thick or thin,
Success is mine, I say.

And God will favor such a man;

Failure is bound to flee,
If you but say—tho there's delay—
Success is meant for me.

There's no such thing as failure

Unless you want it so;
With steady nerve, you never swerve,
Success is sure, tho slow.

Repeat the thought day in and out

The thought, "I'm bound to win,"
Do not complain—with might and main—
Success, doth now begin.

Please Don't Stop Kickin' My Name Around

Please don't stop kickin' my name around.
You mean by that to keep me down—
The harder I'm kicked, the better I'll bound,
I'll always smile and never frown,
Please don't stop kickin' my name around.

Please don't stop kickin' my name around.
Every knock you give, your every sound
Boosts me way up until I'm found.
Please don't stop kickin' my name around.

Please don't stop kickin' my name around.
It sends me on top and not far down;
Each time my name gets your base sound
You boost me higher, round by round,
Please don't stop kickin' my name around.

Please don't stop kickin' my name around.
"Each knock is a boost"—that's long been
found—
So hammer away altho you're bound
To kill me off I'm still around,
Please don't stop kickin' my name around.

Please don't stop kickin' my name around.
I'm higher today by knockers bound
To kill me off, round by round;
So knock and curse; defame and pound;
Please don't stop kickin' my name around.

Please don't stop kickin' my name around.
Call me a fool, blockhead or clown;
Pinhead or goose, base cur or hound,
Use vilest words that can be found;
Please don't stop kickin' my name around.

Don't Lose Your Goat

Casey had two balls ; two strikes as he stood up to bat.

“Ball three” was called ; another came—when, holy smoke ! what’s that ?

He soaked a ball clean over third, beyond the fence and moat,

And scored a straight home run because he didn’t lose his goat.

“The fight is on,” my youthful friend, and the one who wins the game

Is the chap you meet who has his nerve and ever is the same.

You’ll get nick-named ; called everything, from kid to that “old soak,”

But never mind, just plug along and do not lose your goat.

You’ll make mistakes a-plenty, boy, but never you mind that

So long as you don’t lose your grip, you’re bound to win, by cat !

You can afford to lose anything, from house and lot to boat,

So long as you don’t lose your nerve or let ‘em get your goat.

There's many a man who'll seek your fall from
lies to drinking beer;
But pay no heed, all that you need is to grip
and persevere.
Give up you bed; drink gall and lead; and let
'em take your coat;
If you're to win, for heaven's sake don't let
'em get your goat.

There are rich and poor; there are strong and
great; there are all kinds of men
Who'll lay their traps and try to see you "beat
to first," but then
So long as you have got your nerve, you can put
your clothes in soak—
Fact, you can part with anything if you don't
let 'em get your goat.

I often make mistakes—can you
say as much?

I Will

I will, I can, I will!
Says the man who means to win.
And there's no power this side of death
That can shut and keep him in.

I will, I can, I will!
Is the slogan that never fails.
And there's no power on land or sea.
To keep down that man's sails.

I will, I can, I will!
Has turned the world around
And saved a people many times
When others thought them, down.

I will, I can, I will!
Has won on every side,
For there's no power can beat a man
Who never will say, "die."

Never Mind The Knocker

“That was a hard knock, I got today,
It nearly laid me low,
I'll not regain the blow for aye,
Why is the world made so?”

Just wait a little, brother man,
And see what end this blow
Will have in store for you. O Sam,
Some things come very slow.

In twenty years from this sore whack
You'll smile, though now you're barred
And see your “bread” is coming back,
And you on top, though scarred.

These whacks must come to try your vim,
To exercise your grit,
To teach that all who live to win,
Must not “give up the ship.”

So take your whacks with all good grace
And never frown or kick,
Just let the world see your stern face
That will not wince one whit.

The world can't knock you all around,
And keep it up for aye,
For if you plug and work and pound
The knocks will die away.

If they don't die they won't hurt you,
And both are just the same,
So work away, ne'er say adieu
Just play your fighting game.

Your enemies, and knockers, too,
Admire a man with pluck;
So never mind though black and blue,
You'll win, with no amuck.

Though black and blue from knockers,
Sam,
You won't feel hurt one bit
If you keep on, play you're a man
Who'll not stay down though hit.

Never Say Die

Have you done all you could and been criticized?

 Have you played the world fair and then lost?
Have you worked like a trooper and seemed
 hypnotized

 So nothing turned out but the cost

And that charged to you and nothing to pay?

 Have you ever experienced that plight;
Been broke and not able to turn any way;
 Have you wanted to give up the fight?

Have you done all you could and been cuffed about?

 Have you played like a man and gone down?
Have you made your last effort and sparred your
 last bout?

 Have you felt like not "sticking around."

Have you failed once or often; been called a
 damn fool?

 Have you tried to keep straight and look game?
Have you said this will end it, life's too hard a
 school,
 I'll quit, for success never came?

Take heart, brother mine, I've felt this queer pain ;
I've failed, seen everything gone ;
I too have said, nay, I'll not try again—
That's just the safe time to hang on !

For just 'round the corner, when you've failed
many times,
There's success awaiting for you ;
If you never give up, there are dollars and
dimes—
. For failure and defeat is your cue.

O never say die, make an effort once more !
Never say my time will not come ;
Just you try again, with that spirit of yore,
Then success will come with a hum.

Life's Gethsemane

Each life hath it's Gethsemane!

No doubt 'tis better so,
Tho when our souls sweat drops of blood,
We rather pray, "O no."

But when this dark Gethsemane

And others, have been won,
We'll reach the Master's attitude;
"Not mine but Thine be done."

Be strong in your Gethsemane;

Be like our Lord of old;
For drops of blood may mean today
Your strength increased ten fold.

For when each dark Gethsemane

Has past long since away,
We see that it was better far,
To sweat as Christ, that day.

Each life hath its Gethsemane

If not at first, at last;
So cultivate your soul's repose
You're stronger when it's past.

So God, when our Gethsemane

Is making us sweat blood,
Give us the spirit the Master had
To endure the troubles' flood!

The Mother Heart

A woman who raises children,
Children who are not her own,
Is one of God's great workers—
Sing her praise from pillar to dome.

A woman who shelters children,
Children without legal name,
Is the noblest of Christ's workers
Who lift us to a higher plane.

God send thy sweet benediction
On a woman who thus does her part
In caring for outcast children
O strengthen her courage and heart.

May we learn this from her courage—
That no matter how hard be the way
If we see our duty, then do it,
No matter what others may say.

You Can't Keep A Good Man Down

There's no use trying to keep a good man
down,

He'll rise in spite of all;
He may be beaten into pulp,
But he will rise with every fall.

A good strong man with pluck and grit
Each time on top will come,
Tho gods and man contrive to beat
And keep him out of plumb.

You might as well stem back the tide,
And make the moon stand still
As try to keep a good man down—
A man with a force and will.

The Man Who Comes Back

Oh don't be a quitter, we disdain such a man,
Though we have been guilty ourselves;
We've oft turned our backs from life's sordid
whacks—

Let the past be put on the shelves.

Yes, we've been a quitter for many a day;
And ashamed sneaked back to the ranks;
We quit and returned—all the bridges then
burned;

Then received men's comments and thanks.

Don't be a quitter who never comes back,
If defeated and beaten today
And you throw up the sponge, just you again
lunge
Head-foremost to the thick of the fray.

If you are a quitter—the one who comes back—
You have company, the best that can be;
For many a man in this glorious land
Has quit, yet claims victory.

No longer a quitter—when you try, try again—
When you back up and then go ahead;
So take heart again; our God will sure send
Success before you are dead.

The Way To Win

When your hat is "in the ring,"
Don't give up the fight.
Jump right in, begin to sing,
Sing with all your might.
Don't get sour, let each hour
See you keep up the fight.
If you can't sing do the next thing,
Smile, smile, from left to right.
Smile and fight, fight and sing,
Fight with all your might,
For when your hat is in the ring,
Don't give up the fight.
You're not beat, there's no defeat
When you don't give up the fight.
"Down and out?" Pshaw! Begin to shout,
On your job again a light.
Pound and thump; yes, dig and jump,
Don't give up the fight.
There's no defeat; you're never beat
When you are in the right
Unless you stop, your vim you drop,
So plug with all your might.
Don't wait awhile, but start to smile.
Jump right in, begin to sing,
Smile and keep up the fight.

When your hat's not in the ring,
Throw it there and fight.
Others have won, but when begun
They too, were in a plight.
So buckle right in, keep up your grin,
Make your troubles hike.
Smile and grin for grit and vim
Will win in any fight
If you don't quit, so never sit
Till all are on the flight.
So throw your hat into the ring,
Throw it there and fight.
Grip your nerve, never swerve,
When you are in the fight.
Grit your teeth, for underneath
There's gold—though out of sight.
There's gold and fame in this big game,
So just keep up the fight,
So never mind if man's unkind,
You're coming out all right.
You failed today? That's nothing, say
Just keep up the fight
And you will see your failures flee,
Flee clear out of sight.
So keep your hat there in the ring
And don't give up the fight.

Difficulties, troubles and sorrows make
weak men cringe; but brave men strong.

“Where There’s A Will There’s A Way”

“Where there’s a will, there is a way !”

So never give up the ship;
There’s land ahead and “ivory bed”
To each stiff upper lip.

You may not see which way to turn,
But still there is a way
Where’s there’s a will—keep at it still—
You’ll reap success some day.

If you can’t see, still there’s a way ;
A way with every will;
You may not know which way to go,
But you will climb the hill.

Don’t waver, man, there is a way
If you but have the will;
So plug along, with heart and song,
Success comes but by drill.

The Man Who's Afraid of The Cars

Have you met such a man, who's "afraid
of the cars?"

Afraid of his shadow and men?

He has no back-bone and only one tone,
"I'm afraid, I'm afraid of the cars."

There's no room on earth, there's no
room on Mars,

For the man who's afraid of life's game;
No room anywhere in hallway or stair
For the man who's "afraid of the cars."

God never made man to be 'fraid of the
cars!

That's ours—there's no doubting that—
So determine to stand on sea or on land
Like a man not "afraid of the cars."

The world will laud you, though covered
with scars

From the battle of life, when you win;
So tackle the game, every day be the same
And don't be "afraid of the cars."

So right about face! Not afraid of the cars!
Brace up, meet the world like a man.
Things will sure come your way, stay
so every day,
When a man's not "afraid of the cars."

Handicapped For Life

I may have many handicaps;
Ill health, poor eyes and lame;
Though I have drawn a card that's
marked
I never will complain.

I may think God's mistreated me,
But won't think so for long;
Though other men have better leads
I'll keep chuck full of song.

While others droop and give it up
And say they never can;
Though I'm bound down at every turn
I'll play the game a man.

And while I work against all odds,
From me there'll be no whine;
I'll get my share of fun from work,
Life's nectar, all is mine.

Social Poems
and Others

She Lives On Six Dollars A Week

“She lives on six dollars a week!”

Buys her own food, clothes, and pays rent.
Spends car fare and laundry (still she is meek.)

When pay day comes around, for joys not a cent

For she lives on six dollars a week.

“She lives on six dollars a week!”

One dollar for clothes and two for room rent,
(A “hole in the wall” for a room, how sleek (?))

When pay day comes round for joys not a cent,
For she lives on six dollars a week.

“She lives on six dollars a week!”

Thirty cents for car fare; her back’s most bent
Walking to work and standing till weak.

When pay day comes round for herself not a cent

For she lives on six dollars a week.

“She lives on six dollars a week!”

Cold and hunger, yes lonely and friendless!
She gets her own breakfast—coffee that’s cheap—

Ye rich who are comfy you never can guess
The horror of six dollars a week.

"She lives on six dollars a week!"

A sandwich for lunch, and supper she eats
 In a down-town joint where everything's cheap,
 And tablecloths dirty, grease on the seats—
 For she lives on six dollars a week.

"She lives on six dollars a week!"

So slick sporting men—those damnable curs—
 Offer her ease and her ruin they seek
 'Till weak and discouraged (joy it's not hers)
 And she yields on six dollars a week.

She lived on six dollars a week.

Now the tables have turned, but soon O God!
 She is weary, heartbroken and weak,
 And she prays, soon to be under the sod
 And forget her six dollars a week.

Does anyone wonder the reason why

She lost in struggle—tired and so weak!
 Who can condemn her? What heart would not
 sigh
 To think of the fight, to live and keep meek
 On only six dollars a week?

Love in the heart and on the tongue
 driveth away satan—also enemies which
 is the same.

Woman Suffrage

Beaten But Not Defeated

"The House of Representatives tonight by a vote of 204 to 174 refused to submit to the states the amendment to the federal constitution to enfranchise women."—News item, January 12th, 1915.

Have you heard all about it? Sh' do not shout it; though soon 'twill cover creation. The U.S. lawmakers have put women below bakers, and it's up to the "states" not the nation to let women vote—she still ranks with the goat or nigger or immigrant lowly—but that does not say, she will stop from today and never push her fight, which is holy. Though turned down today, and tomorrow the same, yet still she will keep up her pace, till all the creation and every bold nation will see she is part of the race of men who are not cowards—though Davids and Howards put blocks all around in her way. Though defeated today, she will still make sweet hay, though men call to her to keep still, for now to the world her flag is unfurled and she means to win out through her will. She'll not quit the ring cause some

shout and sing, "She's only a woman, that's all." She's made of the stuff that takes no rebuff and will finish as victor, she's sent out the call! Yes, Uncle Sam's men--some bullies and Ben--think women not worthy the right, but you can just bet, there are plenty men yet, who will help the women to fight. The decision is in, she's not worth a pin (judging from man's side of the game) but that's no criterion, she'll fight the whole year in, and bring up the issue again. Who thinks women will pine, sit down and then whine, and say things ugly and hard about her situation and "lords of creation," don't understand women, my pard. So ye lawmaker-men, who have turned her down when she asked for her share in the vote, just retain your big laughter, for quite a while after, you'll see she'll conquer through hope. Through hope and good cheer without any fear of the outcome to her in the end, she will be equal to you to your son's son, too, to Freddie to Sammie and Ben. For you can't keep her down, she's not beat by your frown, and to think so you have not "hit it," or you don't know the soul of women whose goal is the ballot and all

that goes with it. Though defeated once more (you can't make her sore) the women all over the land will write and will talk, will ride and and will walk, and at last will win Uncle Sam. She's bound to be free, the woman you see, there's no getting round all of that, for she's right in the game and to keep up the same, she will stay where she's thrown down the hat, and that is the ring, and to shout and to sing for ballot and suffrage and votes, she'll continue to do until she sees the thing through and she's counted worth more than the goats. So don't you be smart and thinkest thou art more noble and greater than she, for as you fought to win, through thick and through thin, she'll match your two with a three. You fought for your rights, through dark stormy nights until kindoms gave you freeman's votes, and she'll do the same, beat you at your game, for she's not going to pine or to mope; for she'll keep up her vim with broad smiling she'll win, and you will be proud of her, more, and ashamed after while, that you're beat by her smile, and didn't give up long before.

Gossip

“ ‘They say,’ he kissed Matilda as they walked along the way.”

But Matilda was in Oshkosh and he at Sheep-head Bay,

When they said, he kissed Matilda as they walked along the way.

“ ‘They say,’ that Jones has left her, has left and means to stay.”

But Jones was at a funeral and as mourner met delay,

When they said, that Jones had left her and had left his wife to stay.

“ ‘They say,’ Susanna was jilted and has thrown her life away.”

But Susanna was in bathing; tried her brand new suit that day

They said, she was a suicide and threw her life away.

“ ‘They say,’ he is a grafter and in politics he’ll stay”

But our Senator was walloped, beat thru “schedule K”

Because he would not bow to Baal and take their dough that day.

“ ‘They say,’ Rebbecca hit him, threw a rolling pin,” some say.

He was putting up a stove pipe which fell and
came his way

When they said his wife had soaked him with a
brick or pin that day.

“‘They say,’ the parson’s son’s a crook, with a
wad he walked away.”

But he had been to college, had honors from
Fall to May,

With a scholarship he won instead of a “stolen
wad,” that day.

“‘They say,’ Smith’s son’s in trouble, in the
work house he must stay,”

But Smith’s son’s in business, owns half of all
Broadway

And passes around the collection plate for the
parson each bright Sunday.

“‘They say’, she’s to be a mother—that’s why
she went away.”

But she went to have a tooth out then threw the
tooth away

And came back with artist’s honor; but the
gossips had their say.

Meet me in the open, do not fight me with
“they say.”

Call me thief, sandbagger, liar, any thing to
ME, today,

But do not fight with gossip, with that dastardly,
“They say.”

Babies and Hogs

"Representative——of——would have the automobile driver who runs over a farmer's hog or chicken or dog, stop, notify the owner, make a reasonable effort to agree upon a settlement.***Babies are not mentioned."—News item.

A chauffeur kills a hog and stops to explain,
He weeps and is sorry and takes out his wad.
He pays the damages in sunshine or rain—
That is if he murders a goose or a hog.

Should he run over a baby—an act inhuman—
He turns on the 'gas' and hikes like the devil.
A hog is worth money—a baby's but human—
We care for a pig—baby's not on its level.

If the chauffeur drives fast, hits a dog in the ear,
He carefully stops and takes out his wad.
He asks "how much sir, do you never fear,"
(Not so if a baby) "for chicken or hog."

We raise money for chickens and ditto for hogs;
We feed 'em and house 'em and pay if they're
killed;
But babies of poor are treated like dogs,
And nothing is said, though their stomach's
not filled.

Be careful of chickens, of doggies, of geese;
Protect them and watch them and pay if
they're dead;
But cut down the wages of children, and fleece
Abuse them and kill them and nothing is said.

We spend money to raise better hogs every year,
And snarl if asked for a tax for a child;
We pass laws to pay damages on chickens and
deer,
But clutch at our purse strings, for children
the while.

If you are looking for an angel don't come
my way—how about yourself?

Babies Are Not Wanted In This Flat

“Modern flat for rent; the best that is;
Steam heated, light and all of that,
We need your money in our biz—
But babies not wanted in this flat.”

“A flat for rent on Nabob Street,
Not a single cock roach, mouse or rat,
This one indeed is very neat,
But babies not wanted in this flat.”

“Our flat has just been renovated
Outside and in, from post to slat,
’Tis very pleasantly located,
But no babies wanted in this flat.”

Our tenants wear the latest style,
From socks and shirts to waist and hat;
Everything indeed is very fine,
But babies not wanted in this flat.”

“Come noted people, one and all,
Small people, lean or fat,
Our rooms are airy and spacious hall,
But no babies wanted in this flat.”

“The great and wise, the rich and smart,
All live here with parrot, dog or cat,
We need one more tenant, what’s your art?
But babies not wanted in this flat.”

King Alcohol Bows to Suffragettes

“I’m the king of kings, aho!
 I torture kings ; I ruin and kill,
 For I’m the great king still in tow,
 And homes with frightful horrors fill.”

“I’m the king of kings aho!
 I laugh at widows, scorn the child
 Whose father spends his hard earned
 ‘dough’
 Over my bar ‘till his brain is wild.”

“I’m the king of kings, aho!
 I fill my pockets while children cry ;
 I dance and sing while the funeral, slow
 Passes my door, for what care I”

“If a drunkard’s dead and children moan,
 I’ve made my money, my purse is fat.
 I am king o’er that ruined home
 But what care I for all of that?”

“For I’m the king of kings, aho!
 I send men to hell ; and woman deprave ;
 Some rush to death, others go slow,
 But one by one, fill a drunkard’s grave.”

“But that’s, nix to me, I’m king, aho!
I murder men and children slay,
For the law provides for me heigho,
I gloat for men to flay and flay.”

“But then I’ll not be king, O no!
If women perchance the suffrage get;
So hell! I’ll spend my cash to sow
Lies and traps and snares I’ll set”

“That folk will keep me king, aho!
So I can revel in nians’ despair.
I dance with glee, sing aha! Heigho!
When suffering women clutch their
hair.”

“I’m spending my cash to be king, aho!
I’m buying pulpit, brains and press
To prevent “skirts” from the vote, heigho,
We dread her power and that confess.”

“But while she is manacled, aho,
And she cannot the ballot hold.
I’ll still be king of kings, by joe
Spreading dire hell from pole to pole.”

“And so I’ll be king of kings, aho!
And sow hell, death and drunks pell
mell,
Till women come to their own, heigho
And I’m debarred my wares to sell.”

“Till then I’m king of kings, aho!
So ‘ischkebibble,’ king alcohol,
Till women vote and strike the blow
That makes my kingdom take its fall.”

“But as it is I’m king aho!
‘But I should worry’ man’s a fool,
And keeps the ballot from her, heigho,
And lets king alcohol have rule.”

“So I dance and sing and smirk, aho!
The law; the cops; they’re all my own
While women are barred from votes,
heigho,
And men do reap what they have
sown.”

Good Roads

To E. C. Issenhuth, Father of the Good Roads Movement, in South Dakota.

Merrily we rolled along, our mouths filled with song,

We lovers, down a Spink County road ;
When the first thing we knew (O save us yesdo)
We spilt out—we and our load.

We knew the poor roads had spoiled many loads,
But we didn't expect it again.

Alas and forsooth ; heeded not Issenhuth,
Issenhuth and his theme of "Good Roads."

The next year while taking—his Good Roads
forsaking—

Wheat to market to get some cash,
I got half-way there, when lo, what a scare,
A creak, a chuck and a smash ;
And I was detained (I and my grain)
Stuck in a rut deep and bad.
I thought of E. C., who had talked much to me
On Good Roads and I thought he was mad.

I put ten dollars down to get pulled into town
And my wagon fixed up so 'twould run
And glad I repeat, to get off so cheap
When I think of the damages done.

Had I pledged five dollars with horses and collars
To fix that road, don't you see,
Five dollars ahead, I'd be Uncle Ned—
And encouraged Good Roads and E. C.

I was starting to haul some hay this last fall
(Each fall I market some hay)

When I struck a mudhole—alone not a soul—
And there I remained for the day.

I thought of more loads and I thought of Good
Roads,

I thought of Issenhuth, you bet,
I first fought him hard but now he's my pard,
And on Good Roads my mind is now set.

It's strange is it not—you haven't forgot—
How we oppose these new fangled things?

How we fight the reformer—tradesman and
farmer—

And neglect the wisdom he brings.
But our Issenhuth with the spirit of youth,

Will win in the end sure as toads,
And our thrifty young state will often relate,
The wisdom of E. C. and Good Roads.

My name may be mud, but, "old
man," it's clean.

Wilson's Watchful Waiting

“To hell with Mex—let's do 'em up;
Some Americans have been slain;
We won't down there leave a grease spot
When Uncle Sammy takes the rein.
Strike up the band; we want to fight;
We'll clean that bunch down there.”
Thus urged the people—“come, hurry
up”—
But Woodrow Wilson was in the chair.

“This watchful waiting gives us a pain,
They've insulted us too much;
We'll wipe them off the face of earth,
For now they've raised 'our dutch.'
That 'dutch' is up, now act like men!
Why say, that little bunch down there
'Gainst Uncle Sam won't last a month”—
But Woodrow Wilson was in the chair.

“What ails the President anyway?
'Cow punchers' can do them up,
But there sits Woodrow like a chump,
Why don't he lick that Mexican pup?
We're tired of waiting, we want to fight.
They can't pull out your Uncle's hair
Without they're licked into a pulp”—
But Woodrow Wilson was in the chair.

He held the reins until steam blew off
And peoples' nerves got quiet,
And tho bombarded on every side
A few with him stood by it.
We'll call him wonderful and great;
All time will praise his watchful care;
We'll thank our "stars" and Bryan too
That Woodrow Wilson was in the chair.

Again we see there's trouble brewing
With Nations across the sea,
And now we fuss and fret and fume
Discuss the end at lunch and tea.
Why get worked up, why all this "sweat,"
Why stampede with every scare?
Just keep your seat and hold your nerve,
For Woodrow Wilson is in the chair.

Stand by the President, countrymen
And bury political gibes,
Encourage him who bears the load
To save a million lives.
We're writing history anew,
We'll add a page that's rare,
He'll pull us thru without the sword—
It's Woodrow Wilson who's in the
chair.

Aberdeen

Aberdeen is the city of homes.—Aberdeen, S. D.

Sweet City of homes, Aberdeen!

Aberdeen, the loved of the west,
Where there is a chance for the man who
is keen
To see and make for the best.

Sweet city of homes, Aberdeen!

Where "man is a man for 'a that,'"
Where all the lowly or great, I ween,
Can own their own homes or a flat.

Sweet City of Homes, Aberdeen!

The pride of the "Sunshine State,"
Where wheat and where corn and com-
merce are seen
Making her rich—it's the fate

Of sweet city of homes, Aberdeen,

For placed where you are with your
fields,
With workers and boosters, means wealth
ever green,
'Tis decreed by the gods and their seals.

Sweet city of homes, Aberdeen,

In you our hearts swell with pride,
In its wealth, commerce or western scene,
You're second to none—"our bride."

I went fishing one day and
caught—well, let's forget it.

The Devil's Judgment

Oh the woeful, stinging memory when he goes
to the judgment seat!

All the cries and all the misery, all the groans
and tears to meet!

All the anguish of a hell-cursed earth, with its
fright and with its care,

Coming to his ears at judgment—God! it's
more than he can bear.

See a billion eyes of murder, see the bleeding,
mangled feet!

With their fierce, condemning anguish, as he
nears the Judgment Seat!

See the clutching, skinny fingers, pointing in a
sea of scorn,

Fingers of a billion sufferers pointing on that
judgment morn!

Oh the horrors of the devil, when he goes to the
Judgment Bar!

All the cries of base inferno's ringing forth,
both near and far

Will be tame to bellowing misery, from the
throats of trillions dead,

Crying, "curses on thee, fallen angel, you who
have a heart of lead."

Cryings, damnings, cursings, screechings, seeth-
ing, boiling, hissing hell,

Will resound to meet the devil when he hears
the Judgment Bell.

Our Boy Goes On Ahead

A Poem of Condolence

We'll never see his face again,
But his Spirit's with us still
And will be to the end of life—
A law by God's own will.

“How could we part with one so dear?”

Oh! that would strike us dumb
But for our hope of life beyond,
And hearing Him say, “come.”

We could not rest at ease behind;
We could not think of life
As anything but misery
Without God to win the strife.

And yet we have much comfort still
To ponder about our boy,
Who lived with us for twenty years;
Our pride, our hope, our joy!

No trouble did he ever give;
No watchful nights we had;
No wondering if he evil sought;
No time through him was sad.

What comfort then we have, alas !
Though in our sorrow bent ;
What comfort through our tears we have
For all the joy he sent.

He'll not endure what here we do ;
He's through with earthly pain,
And waits with joy and happiness
When we shall meet again.

Though dark the way and rough the road,
We hope in God of love
That though today, Gethsemane,
We shall meet our boy above.

“Like produces like ;” good deeds
beget good deeds ; friendship stimu-
lates friends ; and love, love. Get
in the swim.

Capital Punishment

The South Dakota Senate, led by Senator Plin Beebe, votes to abolish hanging.—News item, January 20th, 1915.

Of all foolish, accepted, dark bloody crimes
That man still keeps on the books of the law
Is Capital Punishment, one often finds—
Such a glaring, absurd, outrageous flaw !

A man in hot passion, takes another man's life,
The law in its session, with time and in
"state,"

Does the very same crime of the gun or the knife,
And thinks by so doing to lessen man's hate.

The absurdity ; aye, the foolish mistake
Of trying to kill less, by setting the pace !

Oh are we Christain and continue to make
Laws that kill others—it's absurd on the face.

Let's make amends ; return good for the bad ;
Be more like men than savages cruel ;
Teach criminals kindness (Oh it is sad !)
"Like produces like," a staid and fast rule.

When will we learn that to have better men
We must set the example, show them the way
Of charity, kindness, calmness and then
Man's inherent goodness responds right away.

* * * * *

Hold on there, old man, you're way out of date,
The Solons at Pierre followed Beebe who led.
No more legal killing in the "Sunshine State,"
No more hanging humans till they're dead,
dead, dead.

Three cheers for our advancement; three for
Beebe!

Three cheers for Old Glory and Congress at
Pierre!

Posterity will praise you—all men sing your
praise—

For this legislative act of the year.

God dwells in us according to the love
we shed abroad—How much of God have
you?

If you have ever done me a wrong
forget it—it has been blotted out
from my memory recorder.

Ode To A Landmark

"Old landmark is destroyed by fire. Old Beard block built in 1881.***Replaced by fire-proof structure.—News item.

The old Beard block is gone, is gone; aye gone
forever!

She stood the test of time and strain, in cold
and pleasant weather.

She's gone the way all men must go, to make
room for another,

Though replaced by a modern, she was our
building "mother."

But thy going is not so bad, old friend, not bad
as we suppose,

If we are true and ready too, to go and meet
with those

Who have passed this way as we pass on, our
loved ones and blest,

Not so bad, old landmark friend, if we have done
our best.

So fare thee well old landmark friend, friend we
will miss, alas!

You did your part, you served your age, it's but
your right to pass.

It's but your right to pass away, make room for
blocks anew;

And so we too will serve our age and pass on,
pass on as you.

Sausages

"Life Is What We Make It"

Life is what we make it.

What about your mother-in-law?
Whose fault is it that she comes round
And forever works her jaw?

Life is what we make it.

What about a boil on your leg?
Did you make that or inherit it?
Come down a notch or a peg.

Life is what we make it.

What about the Johnstown flood?
Someone said liar to Mikey Flynn
And he soaked ME with a club.

Life is what we make it.

But Johnny Jones look here,
I sat alone, when, zip, there came
A rotten egg and hit my ear.

Now tell me sir what did I do

When peacefully I sat
And did not say or do a thing
But got a swat like that.

If life is what we make it
And I got rotten egged,
Oh lordy massa! Mary Ann!
I'll next become peg-legged.

And then what's next, I cannot tell,
Suppose I'll lose my "goat,"
And then I'll be in—Oh well—
They'll take my house and coat.

Life is what we make it
And the devil adds a fling;
I get all the "old boy" sends
And blamed for the whole damn thing.

Women On The Warpath

The women have formed a "Peace Party" with
which to protest against war.—News item

Clar th' thrack ther' ye wahr lards and
rhulers;

The wimen hav' entered the fray;
They now hav' th' "Wimens Pace Party;"
To th' waryers and lards, it's away!

The wimen hav' drawn a petishon,
An' enfattically state an' dayclar:
They are shtandin' f'r pace an' f'r justice,
Without the wahr craze an' its scar'r.

So hike r-right alowng ye wahr lards
An' singers iv wahrs, gr-rat an' sthrong;
Th' wimen hav taken th' cudg-gel
To pacefully settle awl wrong.

When she takes holt iv the wahr handle,
An' swings an' dayclars up an' down
Th' wahr is a rellick iv past ages,
Ye'd betther go back an' sit down.

F'r she is th' sthronger, is wimen,
Though on wahr she's bin layin' low,
She's now come to her own an' ye bit ye
Th' wahr an' its hell will soon go.

So throt r-right alowng, Mishter wahr
lard,

Say good by' if ye think he hav' time;
Do not linger an' dally too lowng sir
F'r she's apt to kick yer're behind.

Go way back me lard, and sit down sir,
Sit down so hard an' so fast
That ye'll niver come to life agin sir
She's got you on th' run sir, at last.

O hiven on wahr lards hav' mersay,
An' angils protect an' give help!
F'r it's afther th' wahr divils she's goin'
An' whin she comes back they'll be
scalpted.

We are all brothers—why not
show it.

Why My Wife Left Me

My wife is large and husky, in fact a trained athlete.

Had won all honors in her gym; with Samson could compete.

She practiced well with big dumb bell; could double quick the hall;

Swimming tank and rowing boat—well Captain of them all.

Domestic science was her long suit; her good home-made bread

Was due to the use of the rolling pin—she practiced on my head.

My wife, she seemed to love me—that's what the neighbors said—

She practiced every cooking day by soaking my poor head.

I bought a car; stylish clothes and hats were hers not a few;

I did my level best to be her sweetheart tried and true.

I cut the wood, washed dishes too, swept and made the bed.

But she left me cause I wouldn't let her soak me on the head.

She told me how to brush my hair and said I
should be fat

When I was lean—she wanted me to be round
instead of flat.

I ate and ate some more; took fat developer for
her sake;

In fact did almost everything but try to cook
and bake.

My wife did that—her arm is strong—I swept
and made the bed,

But she left me cause I wouldn't let her soak me
on the head.

Now I am a lonesome man, I'm sorry we're all in;
That is I would be sorry, if not for the rolling
pin.

Guess I will call and see her ma and tell her
how it went,

For really now I love my wife and on her love
I'm bent.

* * * * *

I've seen her ma and seen her pa, and it's all
right they said,

And she'll come back, be my sweet wife, stop
soaking my poor head.

Autos honk, fool croak, cranks kick,
but men hoe corn.

Why I am Single

I built a house, had furnished it and planned a
real good time,

Had done my best to own a home, the best one
of its kind.

I took "her" there, walked 'bout the place and
showed her all around,

Then she led me out under a true lovers moon
and there she turned me down.

Another time I bought a car and daimonds too
you bet.

And thought right there I was secure with a
bride, the best one yet.

I took her out to "joy ride," no better road ere
found,

As we rode out under a true lovers moon, O me,
she turned me down.

Then one fine day I bought a farm and stocked
it, well you see,

I talked it over with my girl, she promised to
love me—

And then her mother came our way—a
mother with a frown—

She led me out under a true lover's moon and
there she turned me down.

One time I set my mind to get, the fairest girl
you know,
I won her heart and thought her hand was mine
as well, by Joe!
When I set out to see her pa who lived just out
of town,
He led me out under a true lover's moon and
there he turned me down.

Since then I've given up the chase, it hardly
seems worth while,
So I'm content to live a batch, a batch right up
to style,
And work and save and play the part of a man
with great renown
And won't be led under a true lover's moon for
any to turn me down.

When in doubt kick your preacher—
it will relieve your feelings and maybe
he needs it.

Suppose

Suppose you were a mother-in-law,
One of the talkative kind!
How would you like to be muzzled
Or soaked away in brine?

Suppose you were a doggie,
One of the higher class?
How would you like to be labeled
With an old collar of brass?

Suppose you were a ducky,
A duck that flies and swims?
How would you like to live on eels
Or fish that has big fins?

Suppose you were a spider,
The poisonous kind, you know
How would you like to be caged
And travel about in a show?

Suppose you were an elephant,
With a trunk so long and fine?
How would you like to eat peanuts
And travel all of the time?

Suppose you were a jackass,
(And that's not saying much,)
How would you like to be prodded
Behind, what say you Dutch?

Suppose you were a dog-gone fool
And didn't have a cent,
How would you pay for coal and wood
Or even pay your rent?

Suppose you were a monkey,
The show kind in a cage,
How would you enjoy life
If fed on nuts and sage?

Suppose your wife had left you,
Had left and gone away,
Where in thunder would you sleep
On a bed, or a bundle of hay?

Suppose you were me and I you,
And both were "Batty Bills?"
"For heaven's sake cut out the guess
And give me Munyon pills."

"Suppose? Suppose?" "Hey cut it out
I've heard enough for me."
But just for a kid, suppose,
Suppose, you were Patty's flea?

The High Cost of Living

"Will the size of the loaf be smaller? This is the question that worries consumers as the price of wheat goes upward."—News item.

"Will the size of the loaf be smaller? for
heaven's sake say no.

It will drive me to the mad house, to the cala-
boose I'll go.

How could a loaf be smaller? (O heavens give
us hope)

That is, smaller and be seen without a micro-
scope.

I used to buy a loaf of bread and on it my family
feed,

And when the meal was over, we had some left
"for seed."

But now, ye gods who make our laws and now
our bread do bake,

For heaven's sake don't cut it down or I'll have
the belly ache.

That stomach ache, will ache, because—can't
you understand?

A wee loaf will irritate worse than a grain of
sand.

I'd rather die of starving; be run over by a
"chauf,"

Than be killed with a bit of dough made into a
smaller loaf.

What A Wife Should Expect From Her Husband

What a wife should expect from her husband.

Why nothing man, you should know that

Except, once in a while, a very long while,

A new winter coat or a hat.

Why should she expect or even dare think
Of things from her husband, her "lord."

If he gives her a room or perchance a new broom,

And stately allows her, her board?

What a wife should expect from her husband

Is meager and scrubby and flat;
For isn't he lord of creation,

And doesn't she know all of that?

If he gives her room rent, and soup once a day

And allows her the care of her child,
What more does she want, in this age of the world?

O I forgot, she might want a smile.

For parties and outings; for friendships
and dance

She ought never to give them a care;
She should wait on his lordship, take in
washings perchance
And look after the dear childrens' hair.

That gives pleasure and exercise, plenty
"me lord,"

And that's quite enough for a bride,
So let her remember her place and her
duties

Her husband, the kids and fireside.

* * * * *

But then women dear, there are men and
there 're men,

There are men and lovers of wives
Who see that their helpmeets have every-
thing pleasant
From smiling to friendships and drives.

So a wife should expect from her husband
that's human

The very best time in the world;
And the cuss who deprives her, her priv-
ilege and pleasure
Is the worst of a devilish churl.

What A Man Should Expect From His Wife

What a man should expect from his wife?

Why every thing under the sun
From cutting the wood for breakfast
To wadding and cleaning his gun.

A good wife "lays her hand to the distaff;"
Takes in washing and sharpens her
knife;

Everything he should hope or expect
He surely should have from his wife.

When their baby's asleep and he snoring
in bed,

She can beat rugs or do up the socks;
Learn patching his trousers; how hus-
birds are fed;

Take a trip with the wash ten blocks.

She can write, cook, raise cash for the
rent;

She can sew, paint, trim all of her hats;
And while he is on pleasure bent
Can even kill roaches and rats.

* * * * *

That is judging by some of your men,

But you can just bet your sweet life
There are plenty of men we know.

Don't expect quite so much from their
wife.

What's Wrong With Matrimony?

What's wrong with matrimony? Why man the whole blame thing,

That's what the bachelors tell you, that's what the batch's sing.

They have no wife or babies, no grocery bills or rent,

No coal to get no gowns to buy, for self there's every cent.

No fussing with a rolling pin, no feathers, waists or hats,

No visits from your mother-in-law; no extra beds or flats.

* * * * *

But think ye men, there's no sweet wife to greet you with a smile,

No little ones to call you "dad" and play with you the while.

Ah, what's wrong with matrimony; why man, why take the fling?

If man and wife are mated right, there's not one single thing.

Lose your temper and you've lost your game.

Feed The Brutes

The business women are going to organize a permanent club or society as a result of the big banquet held at the M. E. church last night.—
News Item.

They talk about feeding men's stomachs
To keep him sweet and content.

But now see the news (O caflummix)

The woman on the same now are bent.

They toasted and fed; they drank and
they ate;

And the result is a club, (do they need
'em?)

Now women adopts the very same bait

To organize clubs—just feed 'em.

To organize clubs, just feed 'em;

To keep them sweet do the same.

So men be ye wise, just lead 'em

To feed—and tactfully play their own
game.

No more can they say, feed THEIR
stomachs

Without saying, feed HERs the same.
So together we eat and fill "tummicks,"

BOTH playing the identical game.

Long life to the club, Aberdeen

That feed women so cheerful, by gum!

Long life to Mr. Pork and Miss Bean,

While wifie and hubby are one.

Catching a Morning Train

Did you ever rise at three to catch a morning train?

If you have, I'll bet a dime you won't do so again—

Did you hear the dread alarm whang at three, beneath your bed—

That is you thought 'twas three, but two fifteen instead.

Did you repose again to sleep, try to sleep with one eye open?

Did you doze a dozen times and wake scared stiff or frozen?

When at last the time had past and starting from a doze

You leaped from bed, clear across the room and nearly broke your nose

Against the dog-gone, blasted gas jet, sticking from the wall?

Then did you pick up all your clothes and steal into the hall

So as not to wake your wife and in the "spare room" go to dress?

Were you only half awake, with one eye open; no or yes?

Did you get one pant leg on or was it the
wrong sock

Did you pinch yourself to get awake, then
look square at the clock?

And saw your dumfounded alarm was half
an hour late?

Did you storm and fuss and fume and
say, "that's just my fate,"

Did you have but one shoe on, the other
need a lace,

Did you squirm and sweat, fret and blow,
and make a dreadful face?

Then did you get one shirt arm on and
try to get the other

Then all at once your shirt you tore and
had to get another?

The time was flying fast away and
likewise your train

Was flying toward your depot, and you
almost insane?

Then did you get a collar button and try
to put it on,

When, thunderation! Carrie Nation! you
found that it was gone.

Then after scrambling on the floor and
under the dresser too,

Did you knock your head, bruise your
shin and step upon a screw?

Did you at last forsake the hunt and decide to get one more,
When—hang the gas! it went out—you bumped against the door.
At last all dressed—you thought you were—but no brush had touched your pate,
You ran half way, till out of breath, and found the train was late.
Did you—well we won't try to mention here what you thought and said—
Decide the next three o'clock would find you snug in bed.

The Talkative Woman

Do you know the talkative woman ; the woman
who talks and talks?

The talkative kind of a woman—she talks, and
she talks and she talks.

The woman who talks is a talkative woman and
a woman talker still talks.

The woman who talks and continues to talk, is
a talkative woman—she talks.

The talkative kind of a talkative woman, is a
woman who talks while talking.

A talking talker, is a woman who talks, and
talks while talking and talking.

A talking talkative kind of a talking woman
who talks,

Is a woman who's talkative about all she talks
and then continues her talks.

This talking, talkative talks talking woman, is a
woman who talks talking talks,

And a talking talkative, talker woman, is the
same as another who talks.

So talking or talker; talkative or talks; she's a
woman who talks talking talks,
And a talker, talkative talker is a woman who
talks, talks, talks and talks.

A talking kind of a talkative woman is a talka-
tive woman who talks.

And a talkative kind of a talking woman, is a
talking talker who talks.

A talker kind of a talking woman, is a talkative
woman who talks.

And a talkative talker woman is a talkative
talker who talks.,

A talking, talker, talkative woman, is a talka-
tive talker who talks,

And a talkative, talker, talking woman is the
woman who talks and talks and talks.

We get out of the world as much as
we put in it and more—what's your
share?

The Way to Fight Mosquitoes

The way to fight mosquitoes? huh, that's easy,
Uncle Ned;

Just hit 'em on the cranium till they are dead,
dead, dead.

Poison them, drown 'em, soak 'em in the eye or
on the head;

Any way to fight 'em so they are dead, dead,
dead.

Of course the purple martins they say on them
are fed,

But the way to fight mosquitoes, is to kill 'em
dead, dead.

Don't cork'm in the stom-jack or swat'em in the
bed

Unless you hit'em hard enough to kill em dead,
dead.

A mosquito has a dozen lives (some twenty-
four 'tis said)

But I guess its nearer fifty when they are not
dead, dead.

A dead mosquito, half alive, will pester any
head

Thats' short of hair, unless he's sure 'nough,
dead dead, dead.

So go at 'em with pitchfork, gatling gun or lead.
Only you be sure that they are dead, dead,
dead.

A Skunk Uses Violence--A MAN Never.

A Skylark's Ode To The Ford

Where are you going my happy man?
"I'm going to buy a car," said Ham;
So the son of Ham and Ham himself,
And Ham's son's Ham and Ham's
young elf,
Ham's Consin Kate and Uncle McCord;
In fact, the whole Ham family bought
a Ford.

Yon cannot afford to make enemies—
the devil sends plenty without your aid.

Ode To a Powder Rag

“To be or not to be,” is never said to a powder
rag;

It’s sure “to be” my lady says, so sticks it in
her bag.

* * * *

“O you dear thing, you powder rag, rag of long
ago;

The older we are, the longer the years, the more
our love doth grow.”

“I cherish you, my powder rag, rag of many
climes;

To date, I’ve used you day and night, two thou-
sand million times.”

“I could not live apart from thee, my love for
thee doth burn,

I’ll part with many other friends—you’re used
at every turn.”

“I use you early, I use you late, my tootsy pow-
der puff,

I use you on a railway train, I keep you in a
muff.

“No harm shall ever come to you, on hillside,
dell or plain,

If I’m too hot I use you much, too cold, I do the
same.”

“Day in, day out, in cold or heat, you stay
close to my side,
And spur me on to powder up, to rival any
bride.”

“Apart from thee I could not live, may our
parting never be!
I'll sing with operatic style, and rag-time, rag,
to thee.”

You believe in me, I believe in you
and all believe in God means the salva-
tion of the world.

If ye seek ye shall find—argul
put on your specs.

Remaking Myself

The psychologists say we can be made over—in temperment.

They say we now can be made over.

Is that from head to toe?

If this be the real meaning,

Here's what I want, by joe.

I want the freckles on my skin

Removed and beauty spots instead;

(For luck give me a mole or two)

Then please a whole new head.

Put in that head more brains you bet;

And don't forget the common sense;

Then make my daily earning power

Worth more than thirty cents.

And while you're doing up the job

Give me a disposition new,

And sprinkle round some patience mild

And make me Irish instead of Jew.

Remove my nose which is to large,

And make my teeth look straight;

And make my ears more like a man

Not a jackass's mate.

And don't forget that mouth of mine,

It really is too large

And says too much the whole day long—

And then this bill please charge.

When you've got me made over

And I am not myself;

Just send the bill to whom I was

And keep the change yourself.

Easter

We should think today of the Eastertide;
 Of Christ and the Easter Morn;
Of the sepulchre there wide open;
 Of the joy that Christ was born.

We should think of life eternal;
 Of love and grace and "Acts—"
But nay, the question eternal:
 What about our Easter hats?

Love is the mainspring of all that
is godly—therefore get love.

I have been a sucker—were
you ever caught?

Determinnayshun

I'll plan my work, I'll follow it,
For I'm on victory bent;
For all the strength and will I need
The gods to me hath lent.

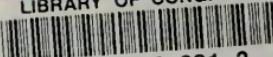
I know there's something I can do
In this great world I'm in;
The gods give me desire to do;
That desire has ever been.

I see around me many men
Who work with skillful hand;
And I affirm God means I to
Can do what others can.

Of course there's something I can do
And be at it expert;
I'll find that work and follow it
If I have to tear my shirt.

To love me because I love you
is well, but to love me if I don't
love you is great—'tis divine.

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